

# No Mistakes

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## No Mistakes by usnavi

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**Summary:**

When Richie Tozier tells Eddie Kaspbrak he loves him, they're watching Jurassic Park and Eddie's wearing his clothes like it's all meant to be this way.

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### Author's Note:

Characters aren't mine. Enjoy.

Drop me an ask or a prompt, if you wanna.

Also, I'm [on tumblr](#) ;)

EDIT: [Someone](#) translated my work into Russian.  
Thank you to them.

### [LINK](#)

The very first time Richie Tozier realizes he's in love, he's a junior in high school, and he's slept with exactly zero people, but everyone claims he's at least bedded the head cheerleader and the quarterback. Which is false. The cheerleader is a roaring lesbian and the quarterback is in a loving relationship.

The very first time he realizes he's in love, he accidentally tossed a bucket of water onto his best friend, who will promptly kick his ass. The very first time Richie realizes he's in love, Eddie Kaspbrak isn't smiling, and he's wearing those red shorts that show off his legs, his shirt sticking to his torso because of the bucket of water (he put a little Kool-Aid in it. He's not going to tell Eddie that unless Richie wants the boy to scrub him clean with acid and a sandpaper loofah) Richie tossed is all over him.

And Eddie is beautiful, doused in Kool-Aid water, and it's like a fucking rush of blood to the head; like he's drowning, but it's the sweetest fucking thing ever, like holding hands in the playground, like a boy's wide eyes in the dark, like a soft cheek in a rough palm, like a fucking love song getting suggested over the radio, like breaking a beer bottle to see the brown glass glint against the goddamned sunlight, like he's discovering something, like a fucking *new element* or something—

“Are you proud of yourself?” Eddie hisses as he wipes away the muck from his face, and judging by the degree of his frown, Richie is guessing Eddie knows that Richie put Kool-Aid in it.

“If I said that I’m not, will you forgive me?”

“Do you want me kick you in the nads?” Eddie huffs, wrapping his arms around himself. See, the person Richie wanted to douse in water was Bill, but apparently, Bill was with Eddie on his way to Richie’s house, and Bill had to get some chips because they’re having a movie’s night with the rest of the guys. Richie shrugs off his hoodie, leaving him in a thin t-shirt, but Eddie declines it, pushing past him and into Richie’s house, muttering about showers.

Richie swallows dryly as Eddie begins peeling off his damp clothes, leaving them in a neat, folded pile on Richie’s bed because he’s an asshole like that, and when he turns around and catches Richie looking, he narrows his eyes, “Get me a change of clothes, then. The clean ones, or I will cut your dick off and hang it on the house in Neibolt Street like a Christmas bauble.”

His mind is playing the *Thomas the Train Engine* theme over a hardcore gangster beat as Eddie fucking *saunters* away like he owns the place in just his underwear, which makes Richie want to jump from the highest building while cartwheeling to his timely demise, and for all intents and purposes, Eddie Kaspbrak does own his house. He’s in Richie’s fucking *will*, so there’s that. Though he might have to change ‘my title deeds’ into ‘my heart. And a couple of Gs.’

Richie, of course, dutifully sets out clothing for Eddie. Because he’s a great friend, and now that he’s entertained the idea of him being in love with Eddie, he’s also entertained the idea of seeing him in Richie’s clothing. And Richie... is *tall*. He’s kinda broad shouldered. He’s not even patting himself on the back. If he wasn’t so knobby and if he didn’t like being the school’s radio DJ so much, he’d probably be a basketball player.

And now that Richie’s entertained *that* idea, he wants to see Eddie in his varsity jacket, if he had one. God, there’s so much potential here.

He’s never been so glad to call Eds ‘short’ even in his mind. If Eddie

knew that he did, he'd probably castrate him and toss him over the cliff side without so much as a sweat, and Beverly will help him, that long ass bitch.

When Bill arrives, of *course* he tells him.

"I'm in love with Eddie, isn't that fucking *swell*?" he says excitedly, and Bill's eyes widen, hands clutching at the bag of chips—he's got Doritos... are those *Popchips*?—and raising an eyebrow at Richie like he's lost his mind. No, he hasn't lost his mind, he's just in fucking love with Eddie Kaspbrak, and now that he's really mulled over it (that's what he calls the three minutes that he daydreamed about proposing to Eddie) he doesn't really know how to fucking deal with all these emotions.

Eddie walks in, toweling off his hair like he's from some damn commercial, and Bill looks at him, then back at Richie, then back to Eddie again, and a smile slowly forms over his mouth, those offending lips parting to rat out on Richie.

But luckily for everyone involved, Richie has very fast 'stop the tattletale' reflexes, proved by the fact that he already has Bill in a chokehold, one hand over his mouth. Bill yells, and Eddie stares at them both with his face contorting into something that probably means 'I'm really alarmed by this, Richie', so Richie says, to not worry him:

"He's got chips!" he chirps.

Eddie's pulling off the *Ramones* t-shirt and the drawstring sweatpants Richie gave him, which, in turn, makes Richie's heart beat like a crackhead's heart on speed, not that he knows how that feels, "You look cute," he blurts out, and Bill finally peels off Richie's arm from around his throat, coughing minutely.

The smaller boy smiles uneasily, "Okay? Thank you, Richie."

Bill leans into Richie, "You're se-serious, aren't you?" he wheezes when Eddie's walked to the living room with Beverly, Ben, Stan, and the bag of chips in his arms, talking animatedly at Beverly, his hair still damp and curling underneath his ears. God, what he'd give to

snap a photo of Eddie right now, small and swamped in Richie's clothing like he's so damn fucking comfortable, his feet bare in Richie's home, his brown eyes twinkling in satisfaction in *Richie's home*.

"I can't handle this," Richie's voice breaks on the 'handle', and Bill puts a hand on his shoulder, tugging him in and giving him a noogie, because he's the only one tall enough to do that to Richie in this damn group of theirs.

Mike steps in from the outside, shucking off his jacket and throwing it over his arm as he asks, "What can't you handle?"

"He's fi-fi-figured out he's in love wi-with Eddie," Bill says helpfully, smiling like a proud dad. And maybe Bill is proud.

Mike makes an 'ah' face like he's seen this shit coming, "Well, isn't that what you've been doing for the past, I don't know," he shrugs, "ten years of your life?"

He and Eddie met when they were seven.

Eddie hadn't been smiling then, too. And he kicked Richie in the balls because Richie thought it'd be swell to scare the new kid.

*Eddie wheezes as he stares down at Richie, rage in his eyes, long lashes framing the eyes of the boy who's kicked him in the fucking balls; he's seven, and Eddie Kaspbrak has pretty brown eyes. He shouldn't be kicked in the balls yet, because he doesn't have his motherfucking balls yet.*

"Are you proud of yourself?"

"If I told you I am, will you bring me to the hospital?"

*It's not the first time Eddie smiles at him, but it's a damn near thing.*

When Bill pushes him in the living space, Eddie makes space for him in the loveseat, throwing his long legs over Richie's lap as *Jurassic Park* (the first one. All the other ones are abominations) he hums, watching the film with raptness that Richie's channeling as well, staring into every curve of Eddie's face, the curl of his lashes, the soft swell of his cheeks.

He's so fucking pretty.

"Shit," Richie murmurs as Dr. Alan Grant sees the brontosaurus for the first time, eyes wide and chest filled with awe, "*Shit.*"

"Chee?" Eds only uses that when he's being especially soft, *fuck*, "you okay?" he gives this small, unsure smile at Richie, and Richie can't help but smile back.

"Fuck yeah, I'm good." He says confidently as he shyly puts his hand on Eddie's leg, rubbing soft circles.

Isn't it fucking romantic, as Dr. Alan Grant stands from the jeep, eyes widening as he exclaims what he's seeing, that Richie leans in and nuzzles into Eddie's jaw, the other boy huffing out a quick laugh.

"What is it?"

*"That's a dinosaur!"*

"I love you," Richie hums, and Eddie blinks, before smiling, more sure now, more like the Eddie he knows.

"Hm," he says, and it's like everything's okay now, like Richie can handle this shit, "I know."

*"You did it. You crazy son of a bitch, you did it."*